THE LITERARY TABLET.

BY NICHOLAS ORLANDO.

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SELECTIONS.

BIOGRAPHY.

SIR WILLIAM JONES was one of the Judges of the Supreme Court of Judicature in Bengal, and an excellent poet, to whose translations we are indebted for many beautiful effusions of the Persian Muse. He died April 27, 1794, at the premature age of 48, endowed by nature with a mind of extraordinary vigour. Sir William, by unwearied industry, aided by superior genius, successfully explored the hidden sources of Oriental science and literature; and his attainments in this interesting branch of learning were such as to make him, far beyond all competition, the most eminent Oriental scholar in this or perhaps in any other age. In his public character, the labour he afforded in the dispatch of business, the clearness of his discernment, and his legal abilities well qualified him for one of the guardians of the laws and the rights of his fellow citizens. As a scholar, his name is known wherever literature is cultivated. In private life he was companionable, mild, gentle, and amiable in his manners, and his conversation rich and energetic. In fine, in all the relations of public and private life, he was revered and beloved. Unlike many other eminent literary characters of the age, Sir William was a sincere and pious Christian; instead of labouring, by his writings, to propagate the doctrines of infidelity, as has been the favourite practice with some modern philosophers of reputation, he was desirous to lend the Scriptures his utmost support; and in one of his latest annual discourses to the Asiatic Society, he has done more to give validity to the Mosaic history of the creation, than the researches of any cotemporary writer. The following epitaph, written by, and for himself, is equally admirable for its truth and its elegance:

" Here was deposited
the mortal part of a man
who feared God, but not Death;
and maintained independence,
but sought not riches;
who thought none below him
but the base and unjust;
none above him but the wise and virtuous;
who loved his parents, kindred, friends,
and country:
and having devoted his life to their services
and the improvement of his mind,
resigned it calmly,
giving glory to his Creator,
wishing peace on earth,
and good will to all his creatures,
on the——day of———
in the year of our blessed Redeemer,———

Estimate of Richardson's Merit.

RICHARDSON'S views were grand. His soul was noble, and his heart was excellent. He formed a plan which embraced all human nature. His object was to benefit mankind.—His knowledge of the world shewed him that happiness was to be attained by man, only in proportion as he practised virtue. His good sense then shewed him that no practical system of morality existed; and the same good sense told him that nothing but a body of morality, put into action, could work with efficacy on the minds of youth. Sermons and essays, experience shewed him, were ineffectual. The manner of them was dry and uninteresting to young people; and arguments addressed to what is weakest in youth, to their understandings, he clearly perceived were without effect. He saw further, that example was the great point which formed the young; and he saw that man was composed of passions and imagination as well as of understanding. These were his general principles; and on these principles he reasoned thus. Mankind is naturally good, for it is rare to meet young people with bad hearts. A young man, then coming into the world, wishes to be perfect. But how shall he learn? The world is a bad school; and precepts, scattered up and down in books of morality, are of little use. An example would form him; but where is it to be found. None exists. I will then create one for him. I will set before him a model of perfection. The more he imitates it, the more perfect will he be; the more perfect he is, the happier will he be.

As he reasoned upon man, so he reasoned upon woman. He aimed at no less than bestowing felicity on the generation he saw rising before him, and on every one which was to succeed it. Had he not had powers to accomplish this aim, his wish was so grand, so noble, and of such a superior order of benevolence, that that alone would have entitled him to immortality; I had almost said canonization. But such is the perverseness and weakness of mankind, that what constitutes Richardson's greatest merit, is considered by many as a capital defect in his conception. They object that such a woman as Clarissa, and such a man as Sir Charles Grandison, having never existed, the author has created palpable chimeras, and, consequently, his creations are useless and unaffecting. How consistent are the reasonings of man! Century after century, and country after country, have vied with each other in praising the work and the author of Venus of Medici. Yet this work must be, universally, allowed to be farther from nature, than the Clarissa of Richardson. No woman ever came near the beauty of this statue; yet has that diminished the merits of the author? Has he not always been, and is he not hourly and justly admired for the ingenuity of his idea, though this idea is totally barren of profit to the world? Not so with Clarissa. She must profit every female who beholds her. Though the whole of these two imaginary beings did never exist, yet so great has been the mastery of these uncommon artists, that there is not a particle in the composition of the statue, nor a trait in the character or conduct of the heroine, that can be said to deviate in the minutest degree from the precise line of nature and of truth.

Richardson has done no more than animate the Venus of Medici. The grecian sculptor had created of every creature's best a marble body; the English writer created equally, of every creature's best, a soul, a mind, a genius for that body. Can any man pretend to be consistent with himself, who admires the one and condemns the other? Suppose the two the work of the Greek, and I will venture to say, this would have been the language of the world. When the sculptor created that form, he surpassed men; but when he created that genius and that soul, he rivalled the gods.

The writers of England excel those of all other nations in the pathetic; and Richardson is in this point, superior to all his countrymen. He makes one cry too much; and by a very singular talent, peculiar to himself, he fills our eyes almost as often by elevated sentiments, as he does by tender ones. He abounds with strokes of greatness, sometimes in the actions, and sometimes in the sentiments of his characters, which raise the reader's soul, and make the tear of generosity spring into his eye, he knows not whence.

Here are three strokes of pathos; tell me which of them is best. When the tyrannical Capulet says to his daughter:

" *Thursday is near,*"
" *If you be mine, I'll give you to my friend,*"
" *If you be not, hang, beg, starve, die i' th' streets,*
" *For by my soul, I'll ne'er acknowledge thee.*"

Then Juliet;

" *Is there no pity sitting in the clouds,*"
" *That sees into the bottom of my grief?*
" *O sweet my mother, cast me not away.*"

Is not that earnest appeal to heaven most solemnly moving? and then that passionate address to her mother, as the only resource after Providence is exceedingly affecting. The confusion too in placing her words, *O sweet my mother*, for *O my sweet mother*, is infinitely beautiful; it is somewhat like Virgil's *Me, me, adsum qui feci.*

The next is from Otway. When Jaffier gives Belvidera to Renault, and gives him with her a dagger, desiring him, when he proves unworthy, to strike it to her heart;—Belvidera's answer is inimitably fine—

" *O thou unkind one!*
" . . . *Have I deserved this from you?*
" *Look on me, tell me,*
" *Why am I separated from thy love?*
" *If I am false, accuse me, but if true,*
" *Do'nt, prythee don't in poverty forsake me,*
" *But pity the sad heart, that's torn with parting.*"

No man can write better than this. That line, " Don't, prythee don't *in poverty* forsake me," is above praise. Every word of it is a beauty. The words, " but if true," introduce this affecting close with peculiar happiness, because the audience, knowing that she *is* true, feel more deeply for her sorrows.

The third is from Clarissa. After she has escaped from Lovelace, and is lodged at a

glove ſhop, King-Street, Covent Garden, ſhe writes a letter to her nurſe, Mrs. Norton, in which are theſe words; "I am afraid *my Poor*, as I am uſed to call the good creatures to whoſe neceſſities I was wont to adminiſter by your faithful hands, have miſſed me of late. But, now, alas! I am poor myſelf." When Clariſſa's ſtory is known, and the whole of her character and preſent ſituation conſidered, "But now, alas! I am poor myſelf," is irreſiſtible.

I do not believe any language, ancient or modern, can ſhew three traits equal to theſe.

FROM THE PORT FOLIO.

[*The following ingenious Eſſay, replete with liberality of ſentiment, as well as with elegance of expreſſion, is from the pen of* Goldſmith, *though unpubliſhed during his lifetime. We cannot reſiſt the temptation to transfer it to the Port Folio. Every line from this faſcinating author is to our eye as a ſtring of pearls, or* a ſignet *of* carbuncle, ſet in gold.]

As I am one of that fauntering tribe of mortals, who ſpend the greateſt part of their time in taverns, coffee-houſes, and other places of public reſort, I have thereby an opportunity of obſerving an infinite variety of characters, which, to a perſon of a contemplative turn, is a much higher entertainment than a view of all the curioſities of art or nature. In one of theſe my late rambles, I accidentally fell into the company of half a dozen gentlemen, who were engaged in a warm diſpute about ſome political affair; the deciſion of which, as they were equally divided in their ſentiments, they thought proper to refer to me, which naturally drew me in for a ſhare of the converſation.

Amongſt a multiplicity of other topics, we took occaſion to talk of the different characters of the ſeveral nations of Europe; when one of the gentlemen, cocking his hat, and aſſuming ſuch an air of importance as if he had poſſeſſed all the merit of the Engliſh nation in his own perſon, declared that the Dutch were a parcel of avaricious wretches; the French a ſet of flattering ſycophants; the Germans were drunken ſots, and beaſtly gluttons; and the Spaniards proud, haughty, ſurly tyrants; but that, in bravery, generoſity, clemency, and in every other virtue, the Engliſh excelled all the reſt of the world.

This very *learned* and *judicious remark* was received with a general ſmile of approbation by all the company—all, I mean, but your humble ſervant; who, endeavouring to keep my gravity as well as I could, and reclining my head upon my arm, continued for ſome time in a poſture of affected thoughtfulneſs, as if I had been muſing on ſomething elſe, and did not ſeem to attend to the ſubject of converſation; hoping by theſe means to avoid the diſagreeable neceſſity of explaining myſelf, and thereby depriving the gentlemen of his imaginary happineſs.

But my pſeudo-patriot had no mind to let me eſcape ſo eaſily. Not ſatisfied that his opinion ſhould paſs without contradiction, he was determined to have it ratified by the ſuffrages of every one in the company; for which purpoſe, addreſſing himſelf to me with an air of inexpreſſible confidence, he aſked me if I was not of the ſame way of thinking. As I am never forward in giving my opinion, eſpecially when I have reaſon to believe that it will not be agreeable, ſo, when I am obliged to give it, I always hold it for a maxim to ſpeak my real ſentiments. I therefore told him, that, for my own part, I ſhould not have ventured to talk in ſuch a peremptory ſtrain unleſs I had made the tour of Europe, and examined the manners of theſe ſeveral nations with great care and accuracy: that perhaps a more impartial judge would not ſcruple to affirm, that the Dutch were more frugal and induſtrious, the French more temperate and polite, the Germans more hardy and patient of labour and fatigue, and the Spaniards more ſteady and ſedate, than the Engliſh; who, though undoubtedly brave and generous, were at the ſame time raſh, headſtrong and impetuous; too apt to be elated with proſperity, and to deſpond in adverſity.

I could eaſily perceive that all the company began to reward me with a jealous eye before I had finiſhed my anſwer, which I had no ſooner done than the patriotic gentleman obſerved, with a contemptuous ſneer, that he was greatly ſurpriſed how ſome people could have the conſcience to live in a country which they did not love, and to enjoy the protection of a government, to which, in their hearts, they were inveterate enemies. Finding that by this modeſt declaration of my ſentiments I had forfeited the good opinion of my companions, and given them occaſion to call my political principles in queſtion, and well knowing that it was in vain to argue with men who were ſo very full of themſelves, I threw down my reckoning, and retired to my own lodgings, reflecting on the abſurd and ridiculous nature of national prejudice and prepoſſeſſion.

Among all the famous ſayings of antiquity, there is none that does greater honour to the author, or affords greater pleaſure to the reader (at leaſt if he be a perſon of a generous and benevolent heart,) than that of the philoſopher who, being aſked, "what countryman he was," replied that he was "a Citizen of the World." How few are there to be found, in modern times, who can ſay the ſame, or whoſe conduct is conſiſtent with ſuch a profeſſion! We are now become ſo much Engliſhmen, Frenchmen, Dutchmen, Spaniards or Germans, that we are no longer citizens of the world; ſo much the natives of one particular ſpot, or members of one petty ſociety, that we no longer conſider ourſelves as the general inhabitants of the globe, or members of that grand ſociety which comprehends the whole human kind.

Did theſe prejudices prevail only among the meaneſt and loweſt of the people, perhaps they might be excuſed, as they have few, if any, opportunities of correcting them by reading, travelling, or converſing with foreigners: but the misfortune is, that they infect the mind, and influence the conduct, even of our gentlemen; of thoſe, I mean, who have every title to this appellation but an exemption from prejudice, which, however, in my opinion, ought to be regarded as the characteriſtical mark of a gentleman; for, let a man's birth be ever ſo high, his ſtation ever ſo exalted, or his fortune ever ſo large, yet, if he is not free from national and other prejudices, I ſhould make bold to tell him, that he had a low and vulgar mind, and had no juſt claim to the character of a gentleman. And, in fact, you will always find, that thoſe are moſt apt to boaſt of national merit, who have little or no merit of their own to depend on; than which, to be ſure, nothing is more natural: the ſlender vine twiſts round the ſturdy oak, for no other reaſon in the world but becauſe it has not ſtrength ſufficient to ſupport itſelf.

Should it be alleged, in defence of national prejudice, that it is the natural and neceſſary growth of love to our country, and that therefore the former cannot be deſtroyed without hurting the latter, I anſwer, that this is a groſs fallacy and deluſion. That it is the growth of love to our country, I will allow; but that it is the natural and neceſſary growth of it, I abſolutely deny. Superſtition and enthuſiaſm too are the growth of religion; but who ever took it into his head to affirm, that they are the neceſſary growth of this noble principle; They are, if you will, the baſtard-ſprouts of this heavenly plant, but not its natural genuine branches, and may ſafely enough be lopt off, without any harm to the parent ſtock: nay, perhaps, till once they are lopt off, this goodly tree can never flouriſh in perfect health and vigour.

Is it not very poſſible that I may love my own country, without hating the natives of other countries? that I may exert the moſt heroic bravery, the moſt undaunted reſolution in defending its laws and liberty, without deſpiſing all the reſt of the world as cowards and paltrons? Moſt certainly it is; and, if it were not—But why need I ſuppoſe what is abſolutely impoſſible!—But if it were not, I muſt own, I ſhould prefer the title of the ancient philoſopher, viz. a Citizen of the World, to that of an Engliſhman, a Frenchman, an European, or to any other appellation whatever.

Extract from the Character of Dr. Howard.

The candour of Dr. Howard equalled his love of truth. He was not only indulgent in his thoughts, and tolerant in his conduct, toward thoſe who differed from him in opinion, but he alſo treated them with reſpect and kindneſs. The religious ſentiments of chriſtians, however erroneous they might be, and their ceremonies and modes of worſhip, however ſuperſtitious they might appear, he maintained ought always to be treated with decency; and he neither allowed in himſelf, nor did he approve in others, a ſarcaſtic and irreverent way of ſpeaking of objects, which any ſincere believer might deem ſacred. For this catholiciſm he was entitled to great praiſe; becauſe the temptations to an oppoſite practice are very powerful; and nothing is more common than to hear chriſtians, eſpecially thoſe who eſteem themſelves wiſer or more holy than their neighbours, charge each other with abſurdity, ſuperſtition, fanaticiſm, or hereſy.

The ſpirit of Dr. Howard rendered him averſe to ſuch uncharitable thoughts; for mildneſs reigned in his heart. Gentle by nature, by habit, and by religion, he could not expreſs ſeverity, which he never felt; gall could not flow from his tongue, for there was none in his conſtitution. His temper was ſweet and amiable; and his good ſenſe forbade him to embitter it with bigoted and malignant invectives. His ſoul was calm; and what motive had he to diſturb its tranquillity with the furious ſtorms of uncharitable zeal?

How happy would it be, could the ſame character for candour be given of all our divines? But alas, we have to lament that the characters of two many are ſtrongly tinctured with bigotry. That they too often thunder forth their denunciations of hereſy, and conſign thoſe, who may happen to differ from them in ſentiment, to eternal tortures and death. [*Tablet.*

ORIGINAL.

FOR THE LITERARY TABLET.

From the LITERARY WORKSHOP—*No.* 6.

ONE of the various objections, which modern infidels urge againſt the divinity of the ſcriptures, is, that they contain incomprehenſible myſteries.

It is abſurd, ſay they, to ſuppoſe the Deity would give to his creatures a revelation, whoſe truths lie beyond their deepeſt reſearch. They will not, however, deny that God has revealed himſelf in his works. They profeſs to view and adore him in every natural object. But, do they here find nothing myſterious? Can they fully unfold the arcana of nature? Can they explain the phenomena of rain and thunder: Can they ſhew the reaſon why the earth is drenched with ſhowers in one place, when, but a few miles diſtant, it is parched with drought? Can they account for the ebbing and flowing of the tides? Philoſophers tell us they are cauſed by the attraction of the ſun and moon. Let it be granted. But what is this attraction? We ſee the effect, and thence infer that a principle of attraction exiſts. We can call it gravitation, magnetiſm, or whatever name we pleaſe; but in attempting to explain it, we are confounded and loſt. In ſhort, let our wiſe objectors explain the connexion between mind and body. Let them tell us how the mind's determination to move the hand to the head is connected with ſuch a motion. Or, ſhould they acknowledge this beyond their ability, let them account for the growth of a ſingle ſpear of graſs. Till this can be done, the myſteries contained in the ſcriptures can be no argument againſt their divinity. The truth is, the works of God are all wonderful. It is unreaſonable to ſuppoſe, that finite creatures can comprehend the productions of an infinite mind.

The conſideration, therefore, that the ſcriptures contain many things incomprehenſible to us, inſtead of diſproving their divinity, furniſhes a weighty argument in their favor. Did we find in them nothing myſterious, we ſhould have juſt reaſon to ſuppoſe they were the invention of men; for they would then bear no analogy to the works of God. But, when we find in them ſuch ſublime doctrines as the union of three diſtinct agents in one eternel intelligent Mind, the agency of this mind in the production of events, brought about by the inſtrumentality of voluntary created beings, we are forced to acknowledge their origin muſt be divine.—Theſe truths could never have been diſcovered by the light of unaſſiſted reaſon; nor can they, when diſcovered, be comprehended by finite intelligence.

The bible exhibits a ſtriking analogy to the material creation. In both we diſcover proportion, order and beauty; and in both we find myſteries, which none but God can unfold. But it ought to be gratefully remembered, that, although we are not competent to explain the whole ſyſtem of the ſcripture, the duties it enjoins are plain, intelligible, and reduced to a level with the meaneſt capacity.—Here, again, we find the ſame analogy to the material world. Though we cannot explain or comprehend the growth of plants, we eaſily learn how to cultivate and apply them to all the purpoſes of life. In like manner, if diſpoſed, we may learn what uſe to make of thoſe truths which God has revealed; and, if we are honeſt and faithful to ourſelves, we ſhall find their myſterious nature will no more obſtruct our progreſs in the path of duty, than our ignorance of the proceſs of vegetation embarraſſes our agricultural purſuits.

When we are informed that the love of God, and our neighbor, is the ſum of all the divine requirements, the road to celeſtial happineſs becomes ſo plain, that none can miſtake, who do not wilfully ſhut their eyes.

SERIOUS.

MISCELLANEOUS.

BURNS AND BLOOMFIELD.

Theſe two poets appeared nearly at the ſame time. Both combated the diſadvantages of low birth, and the want of education; and the powers of both expanded unaſſiſted by the genial warmth of patronage, till they excited the attention, and procured the favour of the public. But here the reſemblance ceaſes. Bloomfield has already outlived his reputation; but the reputation of Burns ſtill increaſed, though he was himſelf the cauſe of his miſerable end. His genius, full of fire and feeling, made us forget his foibles. We thought only on the poet, or if we remembered the man, it was to regret, that fortune had not been more propitious, and ſaved him from thoſe temptations, which he was unable to reſiſt. The advocates of Bloomfield advance, that the narrow cell of a cobler's ſtall is leſs propitious to the expanſion of genius, than the open fields, where the mind is eaſily drawn by the beauties of nature to leave the plough, and walk in her flowery paths. But his poems exhibit no proof of a mind equal to conceiving thoſe beauties, which abound in Burns. The applauſe of his fellow apprentices for a few happy rhymes might eaſily lead him to give his leiſure moments to writing verſes; and without poſſeſſing that genius, of whoſe power we hear ſo much, and ſee ſo little, he might produce a poem, which, conſidering the diſadvantages under which he laboured, would produce ſurpriſe. The hand of patronage would be extended by thoſe, who are deſirous to bring forward talents and merit; and the voice of criticiſm would be ſilenced by a reference to his former circumſtances. But comparative merit cannot be allowed in the republic of letters. Authors muſt be finally judged by their works alone. The few beauties, which we find in Bloomfield, cannot palliate his faults. A momentary gleam may burſt through the thick darkneſs; but the proſpect is gloomy, and we are eager to quit the dreary ſcene. Should his genius be as prolific as was Rhea, Saturn is as inſatiable as ever to deſtroy the offspring as ſoon as born; and no deceit will now ſave a favourite production from his ruthleſs tooth. The genius of Burns ſtruggled againſt poverty and the inſolence of petty office; but roſe ſuperior to every obſtacle. We labour with pleaſure through a barbarous gloſſary, that we may fully reliſh his beauties. We learn his language and become his countrymen, that we may enjoy the innocent pleaſures of the cotter's Saturday night. [*Anthology.*]

Curious Hiſtorical Facts.

THE Emperor of Java never employs any but women in his embaſſies, and thoſe are generally widows. The court of Java is perſuaded, that women are better calculated than men for negociation, that they are more accuſtomed to diſſimulation and conſtraint, that they have more addreſs and aſcendency, and that they poſſeſs greater reſources of a creative fancy, as well as fertility of expedients.

Some hiſtorians aſſure us that Philip III. King of Spain, being obliged to attend an Auto de Fé, was ſo affected by the ſhrieks of a young Jeweſs delivered over to the flames, that he was ſeen to ſhed tears. The grand Inquiſitor conſidered this act of compaſſion as a very great crime, and inſiſted on an expiation by the King's ſuffering himſelf to loſe a certain quantity of blood, which was burned by the common hangman.

Of the happineſs and miſery of our preſent ſtate, part ariſes from our ſenſations, and part from our opinions; part is diſtributed by nature and part is in a great meaſure apportioned by ourſelves. Poſitive pleaſure we cannot always obtain, and poſitive pain we cannot always remove; one of the great arts of eſcaping all ſuperfluous uneaſineſs is to free our minds from the habit of comparing our condition with that of others, on whom the bleſſings of life are more bountifully beſtowed, or with imaginary ſtates of delight and ſecurity perhaps unattainable by mortals. Few are placed in a ſituation ſo gloomy and diſtreſsful, as not to ſee every day beings yet more forlorn and miſerable, from whom they may learn to rejoice in their own lot.

Whatever buſies the mind, without corrupting it, has at leaſt this uſe, that it reſcues the day from dullneſs; and he who is never idle, will not be often vicious.

Humourous Etymological Obſervations, abridged from Swift's poſthumous works.

Away with Pezrow, Skinner, Vorſtigan, Bamden and a thouſand others; the Engliſh language was originally the ſame with the Hebrew, Latin and Greek, however corrupted by modern barbariſms. A few proofs will be advanced from all three of theſe foreign lingoes, as they are now termed.

Abraham moſt probably received his name from ſome perſons in the neighbourhood, well acquainted with the Scotch dialect, who, obſerving his ſtrong ſinewy make, and firmneſs of walking ſaid, there goes a gentleman of *a bra ham*, or a man of a fine ſtrong ham.

Iſaac is neither more nor leſs than *eyes-ache*, as can be proved from Bengorion and Targum, who agree that he was troubled with this malady.

Achilles, the moſt valiant of the Greeks, a reſtleſs, unquiet fellow, was known throughout the army, by the title of *a kill eaſe* as Guy, Earl of Warwick, was ſurnamed *kill-cow*, and another famous general *kill-devil*.

Cæſar, the greateſt captain of the empire, ought to be ſpelt *Seizer*, from his having ſeized upon the world, and the liberties of his country.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We with pleaſure acknowledge the receipt of the Memoirs of "Americana Reſpublica," and would return our grateful acknowledgments to our correſpondent. But as our paper is devoted to ſcience and not to politics, from its evident political alluſions, we muſt decline giving it a place in the Tablet. If Aliquis have no objections, we ſhould like to ſee it ornament the columns of the Dart. Gazette.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

FOR THE LITERARY TABLET.

ODE to SOUHEGAN.

HAIL, gentle Stream ! to thee I ſing ;
My theme deſerves a nobler lyre ;
Some future Bard ſhall touch the ſtring,
Which thy delightful ſcenes inſpire.

Each year, when genial Suns ſhall come,
And ſhed refulgence o'er thy ſoil,
To dreſs thy fields in vernal bloom,
And cheer the plough-boy's rugged toil ;

Forth from the moſſy fold obſcure,
His fleecy care the peaſant leads,
To water at thy fountains pure,
And graze upon thy verdant meads.

Array'd in Nature's richeſt dye,
Thy fields ſhall wake the notes of love ;
The wood-lark with the thruſh ſhall vie
In rival ſweetneſs from the grove.

The ſky ſhall gentle ſhowers of rain
Diſtil to cheer thy winding way ;
And every nymph, in Flora's train,
To thee their annual homage pay.

And dryads on thy ſides ſhall rove,
To drink thy nectar from the gale ;
Nor does Arabia's ſcented grove,
Than thine, more fragrant ſweets exhale.

When mildly murm'ring veſpers greet,
And gales in ſmiling noon-beams play,
To ſtrike his wild notes, ſoft and ſweet,
Thy bard ſhall lead his lonely way.

Sweet ſhepherd girls ſhall quit the plains
To ſhare thy ſmiles on ſummer days,
And mingle with thy dulcet train,
To catch thy ſongſters' melting lays.

The rural ſwains, of happy glee,
Shall in thy limpid boſom lave ;
And virgins chaſte and pure, like thee,
Shall drop the curtain to thy wave.

Sure theſe enrapt'ring ſcenes of thine
Shall ſome fond ſhepherd youth inſpire,
Or lovely daughter of the Nine,
To ſing with even *Mantuan* fire.

But hark ! Thy guardian ſylph is ſent—
Soft muſic breaks from yonder tree—
Delicious ſounds ! Here reign content,
And nature's child, Simplicity.

EUGENIO.

FOR THE LITERARY TABLET.

Pleaſant-Hill, March, 1806.

ON LIFE.

How ſhort is life ! at beſt a fleeting ſpan !
The ſame, ſince all of being firſt began !
Since He, who wields the ſceptre o'er the whole,
Breath'd into man an immaterial ſoul.

Tis ſhort !—'tis tranſient as th' ephemeral flow'r,
Emits its fragrance, withers in an hour !
Or, like a dew-drop, ſeen at op'ning day,
That faintly glitters in the morning ray.

Tis ſhort—'tis like the meteor of the night,
Now darting o'er, now vaniſh'd from the ſight !
Or, like a ſpectre, on a ſurging wave,
Now ſeen, now loſt within its liquid grave.

Tis ſhort—light-footed as the winged breeze,
That in ſoft whiſpers woos the liſt'ning trees !
Or, like the rill that greets the ſmiles of morn,
On watry pinions in its courſes borne.

Tis ſhort—'tis tranſient—but a fleeting ſpan,
A ſpacious field, its conſtant tenant, man !
Dependent being ! 'chance his race he'll run,
Ere ſinks to reſt another ſetting ſun.

HERMES.

SELECTED POETRY.

ODE 33d. of ANACREON.

Tranſlated by THO'S MOORE, *Eſq.*

'Twas noon of night, when round the pole
The ſullen bear is ſeen to roll ;
And mortals, wearied with the day,
Are ſlumbering all their cares away :
An infant, at that dreary hour,
Came weeping to my ſilent bower,
And wak'd me with a piteous prayer,
To ſave him from the midnight air !
" And who art thou," I waking cry,
" That bidſt my bliſsful viſions fly ?"
" Oh gentle ſire," the infant ſaid,
" In pity take me to thy ſhed ;
" Nor fear deceit ; a lonely child
" I wander o'er the deſert wild.
" Chill drops the rain, and not a ray
" Illumes the drear and miſty way !"
I hear the baby's tale of woe ;
I hear the bitter night-winds blow ;
And ſighing for his piteous fate,
I trimm'd my lamp, and op'd the gate.
'Twas Love ! the little wandering ſprite,
His pinion ſparkled through the night !
I knew him by his bow and dart ;
I knew him by my fluttering heart !
I take him in, and fondly raiſe
The dying embers cheering blaze ;
Preſs from his dank and clinging hair
The chryſtals of the freezing air,
And in my hand and boſom hold
His little fingers thrilling cold.
And now the embers' genial ray
Had warm'd his anxious fears away ;
" I pray thee," ſaid the wanton child,
(My boſom trembled as he ſmil'd,)
" I pray thee, let me try my bow,
" For through the rain I've wander'd ſo,
" That much, I fear, the ceaſeleſs ſhower
" Has injur'd its elaſtic power."
The fatal bow the urchin drew ;
Swift from the ſtring the arrow flew ;
Oh ! ſwift it flew as glancing flame,
And to my very ſoul it came !
" Fare thee well," I heard him ſay,
As laughing wild he wing'd his way ;
" Fare thee well, for now I know
" The rain has not relax'd my bow ;
" It ſtill can ſend a madd'ning dart,
" As thou ſhalt own with all thy heart."

[This Ode moſt beautifully deſcribes the ſenſations of a heart wholly poſſeſſed by the tender paſſion. Who, that has felt this paſſion, but muſt ſenſibly feel the two lines,

'And in my hand and boſom hold,
'His little fingers *thrilling cold.*'

THE ART OF CRITICISM.

BY POPE.

'TIS hard to ſay, if greater want of ſkill
Appear in writing, or in judging ill ;
But, of the two, leſs dang'rous is the offence
To tire our patience, than miſlead our ſenſe :
Some few in that, but numbers err in this ;
Ten cenſure wrong, for one who writes amiſs.
A fool might once himſelf alone expoſe ;
Now one in verſe makes many more in proſe.
'Tis with our judgments, as our watches, none
Go juſt alike, yet each believes his own.
In poets, as true genius is but rare,
True taſte as ſeldom is the Critic's ſhare :
Both muſt alike from heaven derive their light;
Theſe born to judge as well as thoſe to write.
Let ſuch teach others, who themſelves excel,
And cenſure freely, who have written well.
Authors are partial to their wit, 'tis true ;
But are not Critic's to their judgment too ;
Yet, if we look more cloſely, we ſhall find
Moſt have the ſeeds of judgment in their mind.
Nature affords at leaſt a glimm'ring light !
The lines, tho' touch'd but faintly, are drawn right.
But as the ſlighteſt ſketch, if juſtly trac'd,
Is by ice-colouring but the more diſgrac'd,
So by falſe learning is good ſenſe defac'd;
Some are bewilder'd in the maze of ſchools,
And ſome made coxcombs Nature meant but fools.
In ſearch of wit, theſe loſe their common-ſenſe,
And then turn critics in their own defence.
Each burns alike, who can, or cannot write,
Or with a rival's or an eunuch's ſpite.
All fools have ſtill an itching to deride,
And fain would be upon the laughing ſide.
If Mærius ſcribble in Apollo's ſpite,
There are who judge ſtill worſe than he can write.
Some have, at firſt, for Wits, then Poets paſs'd,
Turn'd Critics next, and prov'd plain Fools at laſt.
Some neither can for Wits, nor Critics paſs,
As heavy mules are neither horſe nor aſs.

From Shakſpeare.

On a day (alack the day)
Love, whoſe month was ever May,
Spy'd a bloſſom paſſing fair,
Playing in the wanton air ;
Through the velvet leaves the wind,
All unſeen, 'gan paſſage find ;
That the lover, ſick to death,
Wiſh'd himſelf the heaven's breath.
Air, quoth he, thy cheeks may blow ;
Air, would I might triumph ſo !
But, alas ! my hand hath ſworn
Ne'er to pluck thee from thy thorn ;
Vow, alack ! for youth unmeet ;
Youth, ſo apt to pluck a ſweet.
Do not call it ſin in me,
That I am forſworn for thee ;
Thou for whom great Jove would ſwear
Juno but an Ethiope were ;
And deny himſelf for Jove,
Turning mortal for thy love.

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